AN OLD

SCOTS SONG,

ENTITLED

Gill Morice.

GLASGOW,
Printed by J. & M. ROBERTSON,
Saltmarket, 1799.

BRITISH MUSEUM 26 AUG

GILL MORICE.

GILL Morice was an Earl's Son,
his name it waxed wide,
It was nae for his great riches,
nor yet his meikle pride.

His face was fair, lang was his hair,
in the wild wood he ſtaid;
But his fame was by a fair Lady,
that liv'd on Carron-ſide

Where will I get a bonny boy,
that will win hoſe and ſhoon.
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
and bid his Lady come?

Ye maun rin this errand Willie,
and ye may rin wi' pride,
When other boys gae on their feet,
on horſe-back ye ſhall ride.

O no! O no! my Maſter dear:
I darna for my life:
I'll no gae to the bold Barons,
for to tryſt forth his Wife.

My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
my dear Willie, he ſaid,
How can you ſtrive againſt the ſtream,
for I ſhall be obey'd.

But, Oh my Maſter dear! he cry'd,
in green wood ye're your lane,
Gi' o'er ſuch thoughts I wou'd you red,
for fear you ſhou'd be ta'en.

Haſte, haſte, I ſay, gae to the ha',
bid her come here wi' ſpeed,
If ye refuſe my high command,
I'll gar your body bleed.

Gae bid her tak this gay mantle,
'tis a gowd but the hem;
Bid her come to the good green wood,
and bring nane but her ſane:

And there it is a ſilken ſark,
her ain hand ſew'd the ſleeve,
And bid her come to Gill Morice,
ſpeer nae bauld Baron's leave.

Yes, I will gae your black errand,
though it be to my coaſt,
Sin ye by me will nae be warn'd,
in it ye ſhall find froſt.

The Baron he's a man of might,
he ne'er cou'd bide a taunt,
As ye will find before it's night,
how ſma' ye hae to vaunt.

Now, ſin I maun your errand rin,
ſae fair againſt my will,
I'ſe mak a vow and keep it true,
it ſhall be done for ill.

And when he came to broken brigg,
he bent his bow and swam;
And when he came to grass growing,
set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to Barnard's ha',
wou'd neither chap nor ca';
But set his bent bow to his breast,
and lightly lap the wa'.

He wou'd tell nae man his errand,
though twa stood at the gate,
But straight into the ha' he came,
whair great fouk sat at meat.

Hail! hail! my gentle Sire and Dame!
my message winna wait:
Dame, ye maun to the green wood gang,
before that it be late:

Ye're bidden tak this gay mantle,
it's a gowd but the hem,
Ye maun gae to the good green wood,
e'en by yourself alane.

And there it is, a silken sark,
your ain hand sew'd the sleeve,
Ye maun gae speak with Gill Morice,
speer nae bauld Baron's leave.

The Lady stamped with her foot,
and winked with her eye;
But a' that she could say or do,
forbidden he wadna be.

It's ſurely to my bow'r-woman,
it ne'er cou'd be to me
I brought it to Lord Barnard's Lady,
I true that ye be ſhe.

Then up and ſpoke the wylie Nurſe,
(the Bairn upon her knee)
If it be come from Gill Morice,
'tis dear welcome to me.

Ye lied, ye lied, ye filthy nurſe,
ſae loud's I hear you lie:
I brought it to Lord Barnard's Lady,
I trow ye be nae ſhe.

Then up and ſpake the bauld Baron,
an angry man was he:
He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,
in flinders gart a' flee.

Gae bring a robe of yon clieding,
that hangs upon the pin,
And I'll gae to the good green wood,
and ſpeak with your leman.

O bide at hame, now Lord Barnard,
I warn you bide at hame,
Ne'er wyte a man for violence,
that ne'er wyte ye wi' nane.

Gill Morice ſits in good green wood,
he whiſtl'd and he ſang;
O what means a yon folk coming?
my Mother ſhe tarries lang.

And when he came to good green wood,
wi' meikle dole and care,
It's there he ſaw brave Gill Morice,
kaiming his yellow hair.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,
my Lady loo'd thee weel,
The faireſt part of my body
is blacker than thy heel;

Yet ne'ertheleſs, now Gill Morice,
for a' your great beauty,
Ye's rue the day e'er ye was born,
that head ſhall gae with me.

Now he has drawn his truſty brand,
and ſlait it on the ſtrae,
And through Gill Morice fair body,
he's gar'd cauld iron gae:

And he has ta'en Gill Morice head,
and ſet it on a ſpeir,
The meaneſt man in a' his train,
has got that head to bear.

And he has ta'en Gill Morice up,
laid him acroſs his ſteed,
And brought him to his painted bow'r,
and laid him on a bed.

The Lady ſat down on the wa',
beheld both dale and down,
And there ſhe ſaw Gill Morice head,
come trailing to the town.

Far mair I lo'e that bloody head,
but an' that bloody hair
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
as they ly here and there

And ſhe has ta'en her Gill Morice,
and kiſs'd baith mouth and chin,
I once was fu' o' Gill Morice,
as hip is o' the ſtane.

I got thee in my Father's houſe,
wi' muckle ſin and ſhame
And brought thee up in good green wood,
under the heavy rain

Oft have I by thy cradle ſat,
and fondly ſeen thee ſleep,
But now I'll gang about thy grave,
the ſa't tears for to weep.

And firſt ſhe kiſs'd his bloody cheek,
and ſyne his bloody chin;
Better I lo'e my Gill Morice,
than a' my kith and kin!

Awa', awa', ye ill woman!
an ill death may thou die,
Gin I had kend he'd been your ſon,
he'd ne'er been ſlain for me.

Upbraid me not, my Lord Barnard,
upbraid me not for ſhame.
Wi' that ſame ſpeir, Oh pierce my heart!
and put me out of pain.

Since nothing but Gill Morice head,
thy jealous rage could quell,
Let that same hand now take her life,
that ne'er to thee did ill.

To me no after days nor nights,
will e'er be fast or kind.
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
and greet till I be blind.

Enough of blood by me's been spilt,
seek not your death frae me,
I rather it had been myself,
than either him or thee.

With waesu' wae I hear your 'plaint,
sae fair I rue the deed,
That e'er this cursed hand of mine,
did gar his body bleed.

Dry up your tears my winsome Dame,
you ne'er can heal the wound:
You see his head upon my speir,
his heart's blood on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deed;
the heart that thought the ill;
The feet who bore me with such speed,
the comely youth to kill.

I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
as gin he were my sin;
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day,
on which the youth was slain.

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